



**Geronimo Stilton**

# MICEKINGS

## THE MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE



 **SCHOLASTIC**



# Welcome to Far North World of the Mice

WHERE THEY LIVE: Miceking Island

CAPITAL: Mouseborg, home of the Stil

OTHER VILLAGES: Oofadale, village of  
village of the vilekings

CLIMATE: Cold, cold, cold, especially w

TYPICAL FOOD: Gloog, a superstinky b  
recipe is closely guarded by the wife of

NATIONAL DRINK: Finnbrew, made of  
herring juice, with a splash of squid inl

MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION: The d

**GREATEST HONOR:** The miceking helps

mouse performs an act of courage or w

**UNIT OF MEASUREMENT:** A mousekin

quarter tail)

**ENEMIES:** The terrible dragons who liv

# Meet the Stiltonors

GERONIMO

Advisor to the  
meeking chief

THEA

A horse trainer who  
works well with all kinds  
of animals

TRAP

The most famous  
inventor in Mouseborg

BENJAMIN

Geronimo's nephew

BUGSILDA  
Benjamin's best  
friend

. . . and the EVIL DR

GOBLER THE BUTRID  
The dragons is a Devourer!

The dragons are  
divided into 5  
clans, all of which  
are terrifying!

1. Devourers

They love to eat micekings raw —  
no cooking necessary.

2. Steamers

They grab micekings, then fly over  
volcanoes so the steam and smoke r

SIZZLE

The cook

3. Biters

Before eating micekings, they nibble  
them delicately to see if they like  
them or not.

#### 4. Slurpers

They wrap their long tongues around micekings and slurp them up.

#### 5. Rinsers

As soon as they catch micekings, they rinse them in a stream to wash them off.







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# A Peaceful Evening for Geronimo!

It was a peaceful spring evening in Mouseborg, the capital city of the island. A gentle breeze blew in from the sea. **Stars** shone in the sky. **Crickets** chirped a soothing song.

Sorry, I should  
introduce myself:  
I am **Geronimo**  
**Stiltonord**, and

I am a mouseking.

Not a very fierce,  
fighting mouseking,  
but a scholarly one.

Chirp!

Chirp!

Chirp!

1

A Peaceful Evening for Geronimo!

Ow, my back!

2

And that night

I had returned

home after a

terrible day!

~~in~~During exercises,

Sven the Shouter, our village

had forced me to do 333 sit-ups

At noon, dragons had attacked

village! They were looking to l

# fresh miceking me

Narrow escape!

2

bravely (well,  
as bravely as  
I could. I have  
**WEAK** muscles  
for a mouseking).

<sup>3</sup>And after  
that, my sister,  
Thea, had  
asked me  
Oof!  
to help her  
**rearrange** all the  
furniture in her house!



I was so tired that my whisk  
were drooping!

So I was very happy to retreat  
house for a peaceful, quiet m  
included:

A light dinner of aged micel  
cheese and herring soup . . .

A Peaceful Evening for Geronimo!

Reading a book of legend

the famouse miceking exp  
the Furry . . .

Ending with a soothing c  
before bed . . .

I had just finished setting the t

heard a knock at the door.

Who is it?

A Peaceful Evening for Geronimo!

**Bam! Bam!** ~~Why, oh why, did someone~~

**INTERRUPT** me when

As I peered through the pe  
the deep voice of our vil

“Open up, you smarty-m  
says Sven!” he shouted.

A chorus of micekings behind  
out,

“So says sven the shou  
Clattering cuttlefish! How m

were out there? And what di  
me?

“Well, lazy bones?” Sven yel

you going to open up?”

You should know that Sven is  
**the Shouter** because he sho

A Peaceful Evening for Geronimo!  
loudly! And when he's angry, I  
could make the walls of your  
So I hurried and opened the  
the chief could shout again.  
A crowd of miceking warriors  
into the house. They took  
chairs,  
on my tables, on my bed, and on  
rafters. Shivering squids, Sven  
meeting of the Miceking Asse  
house!

The warriors whispered to one another, “What could it be?” They were faced with a mystery to solve!

Then Sven spoke, “Micekings of Mouseborg, I have gathered you here for a matter of great importance. The micekings listened in silence, leaning forward in their seats. Sven turned toward the foreman

Shhh!

Silence!

Listen to me!

# Stocker finnbrew

factory. “Stocker! Tell  
us what you found.”

Stocker looked

surprised.

“Me? Found? What?”

Great salty

kind of mystery was  
sardines, what  
this?

Stocker is the foreman of the



factory that makes finnbrew,  
the most popular miceking  
drink. He guards the barrels  
of finished finnbrew. He's a  
very slow-moving mouseking.  
When you ask him a question,  
he stares at you like a frozen  
codfish!

# The Mysterious JUG

Sven turned as **red** as a pepper  
stop acting like a **sea slug** and  
others what you told me!”  
the

“so says sven the shouter  
mice kings chanted.

“Hmm. Let’s see,” said Stocker  
should I start?”

“Start at the **BEGINNING**

demanded.

Stocker nodded. “Okay, then. I’ll start at the beginning,” he said. “As you know, every night I take a walk around the factory.”

“Yes, we know,” Sven said in a friendly tone. “I check to make sure that all the

The Mysterious Jug  
of finnbrew, left outside to ferment.  
Stocker.

**Stu!** have been brought in.  
“By my beard, get on with it!”  
Sven shouted. “At this rate, it will take  
all night to tell it.”

Stocker’s fur was not **ruffled**.  
He kept talking. “So tonight, during my  
stroll, I **noticed** something out of place  
by the water by the dock. So I went to  
get a better **look**, and . . .”  
“Aaaaand?” all the micekings  
shouted, making my house shake.

it were made of fjordberry jelly.

“And . . . I saw that it was an  
**amphora.**”

An amphora is a clay jug with  
But what was so **important**  
finding a jug?

What is that?

The Mysterious Jug

“I pulled it out of the water,” he

“I opened it. And inside I found  
a . . .”

“Aaaaaaaa?” the micekings  
squealed.

“A parchment!” Stocker  
finished. “There was a

**message** written on it  
how to read, so I ran to Sven.”

“And I decided to come directly  
to Geronimo,” Sven said. “Now re

message, smarty-mo  
an order!”

“so says even the sh  
stocker handed the parcel

began to read the message:

12



Well, what  
does it say?

“I declare . . . to sha  
strong mousekin  
stormy  
seas . . . um . . . dragon  
you . . .”

“Geronimo, quit joking and  
cousin Trap exclaimed.

“I’m not joking around,” I p  
“These are the only words I u

I can barely make out two run

## The Mysterious Jug

“You’re supposed to be the **SI**  
**mouseking!**” Sven shouted.

“But, but, but . . .” I sputtered.

Trap took the parchment from

“Leave it to me, cousin! In add

an **inventor**, I’m also an e

at messages in bottles, secret c

invisible clues!”

Let’s see . . .

\* The original letter was written in runes, the old  
alphabet. This is a translation for you readers.

*I declare*

*to shake.*

*strong mouseking!*

*sail the stormy sead,*

*dragon.*

*stinkiest*

*you*

The Mysterious Jug

Trap examined the parchment

(forward and BACKWARD, up

from close up and far

Then he announced his conclu

Sven! The amphora probably w

tightly. The salt water

erased almost everything that

here. And so . . . the origi

mystery!”

# A Message from Ken Yawner

While Trap continued to study

message, our village of  
floor of my house, muttered  
to do next.

“Holey cheese!” Trap  
cried out suddenly.

“What’s this seal  
at the top of the  
parchment?”

“Let me see!” Sven  
yelled, grabbing the  
parchment from him. His  
eyes got wide.

“Why, this is the **coat of**  
17

# Yan

## the yawner

Yan the Yawner is the chief of Oofadale, where the Oofa Oofa live. He's called "the Yawner" because it's said he can yawn 1,007 times in a row without dislocating his jaw. His motto is, "Why do tomorrow what you can do next week?"

the Yawner, the  
chief of Oofadale!"

Sven exclaimed.

“Salty sardines!

Then this must be a  
message from him!”

Trap said.

A

**LOUD**

murmur rose up  
from the micekings.

This could be a  
very important  
message!

The micekings



were jumping out  
of their fur  
with curiosity. They  
started to  
guess  
what the meaning

A Message from Yan the Yawner  
of the message might be, based  
words I had read.

“Why, it’s clear!” declared a ta  
mouseking. “It’s a challenge se  
Oofa!

THEY WANT TO ATTACK

“What if Oofadale is being atta  
**dragons?**” another mousek  
wondered. “And Yan the Yawner  
help from the **strong,**  
**brave** warriors

of Mouseborg!”

A third mouseking spoke up. “

insulting us! They think we’re  
I had my own theory. “It could

Yan was just writing a **simple**  
greeting to a **friend**,” I sugg

very well could have been a

**PERSONAL**

letter that was **lost** and arrived

accident. We all know how the

works . . .”

It's a  
challenge!  
~~It's a~~ declaration of war?  
~~insult!~~  
~~Umm...~~  
If you ask  
me . . .  
They're asking for  
help!  
What do we do?  
I don't believe it!  
No way!  
I don't know!

A Message from Yan the Yawner

But nobody took me **SERIOUS**

“By my beard, Geronimo,  
be the most **foolish** smart  
in miceking history!” Sven scoo

“Didn’t you see the coat of arms  
clearly an

**official**  
message of some kind.

Therefore we must respond in  
**official**  
manner.”

Sven paced the room, twirling  
and thinking. The micekings €

waited to hear our chief's decision.  
Sven cleared his throat.

our mickering honor requires  
“If the village of **Oofad**  
help them!” Sven shouted. “  
want to attack us, we must  
fight back with the **S**  
**Stenchberg** cheese!

There is only one way to find out  
the message really said. We will

A Message from Yan the Yawner

official expedition to Oofa

“so says sven the

Ready

to  
go,

smarty

-mouseking?

Oh no!

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# A MESSAGE FROM YAN THE YAK

All the micekings cheered with  
at this announcement. They hurriedly  
prepare for the expedition.

Everyone was excited  
me!

Great stinky clams, this journey  
risky,  
dangerous,  
and  
perilous!

And I . . . I was a scaredy-mouse.  
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# Mission to Oofadale!

As soon as Sven said the word  
I tried to sneak off without bei  
With everyone cheering, I had  
I was only half a tail  
from the door  
when someone  
grabbed  
my shoulder.  
I'm leaving!

## Mission to Oofadale!

It was Sven, “Geronimo, you S  
**jellyfish**, where do you t  
going?”

“W-w-well,” I stuttered. “I just  
go get us some more **finnb**  
a **snack**. Aren’t you hungry?”

“I am hungry for **adventure!**”

replied. “We need to plan.”

I tried again. “B-b-but . . . I left

**laundry** on the clothesline

um . . .”

“Stop **blabbering**, blubber  
head!” Sven shouted. “As

smarty-  
mouseking  
of this village, and the  
official reader of runes,  
must be part of this expedition  
want to finally earn your very  
miceking  
helmet?”

I paused. A miceking helmet is

MISSION TO OOFADALE!

greatest honor any mousekin  
get. It is awarded to those who

strength,  
courage, and  
skill in battle.

But my greatest strengths are i

HISTORY  
rune grammar, and  
fjord geography, and no help  
awarded for those skills.

But if I

did earn a

miceking

helmet,

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MISSION TO OOFADALE!

then Sven's daughter, the beautiful

Thora,

might finally respect me!

With a far-off look I daydreamed about my infatuation with my crush. Trap

out of it.

“Don't **Worry**, cousin,” he said, “I'll be with you on this mission!”

Great salty sardines were really in **TROUBLE!** Even when cousin Trap got involved, he used

out one of his crazy **inventions**. He used me as his official test model.

fur every time!

“Why are you so excited to go on an expedition?” I asked suspiciously.

“I’d like to see an old friend of mine from Oofadale, Fen Whisker,”

he explained. “We went to the Miceking School for Inventors.”

MISSION TO OOFADALE!

together when we were micele

“He’s really nice,” Trap contin

hoping to discuss some of my  
with him.

I groaned. Shivering squid

not another inventor! Now I’d

with two of them. Who knew w

inventions  
they would make me try out?

Faster!

Hee hee!



MISSION TO OOFADALE!

Squeak!

I really didn't want

to be a part of this miceking m

But I had no choice.

“I have made my

thundered. “Tomorrow we will

for Oofadale at dawn. But I wi

leaving this mission in the clu

of you two cheesehead  
pointed to Trap and me.

“You won't?” I asked.

“Of course not!” Sven shouted.  
will

**lead**  
the mission. You two will  
accompany me. And we will need  
of **brave warriors**  
with us.”

He started pointing to different

“You! Prepare the barrels of **fire**  
and the crates of **anchovies**

“You! Pack the wheels of **cheese**  
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MISSION TO OOFADALE!

“You, you, and you, go shine  
and the shields!”

“You go polish the Mouseb  
of arms until it glows like the  
expedition will be made in gr  
miceking style!”

The micekings all replied together

“So says sven t

# Ready to Set Sail, Blubber Heads?

I had trouble falling asleep that night as my  
whiskers **trembled**  
at the dangers we  
might encounter.

How, how,  
**how** did I  
always end up in  
these situations?

When the  
**rooster**

crowed at dawn, I

put my head under  
Cock-a-doodle-doo!  
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Ready to Set Sail, Blubber Heads?  
the covers. I didn't want to go.  
smarty-mouseking, not a  
Then I heard a knock on  
was Trap.  
"Geronimooooo!  
Come on, Cousin! It's time to b  
mission!" he shouted.

I tried to get out of it. "Um, I w  
my boots anywhere. You go w  
I'll meet up with you in Oofada  
"I can tell when you're lyin  
Trap said. "Open the do  
I quickly thought of more excu

I woke up with a terrible sto  
and I have to run to the bathro

ACHOO! I think I also caught  
cold, and I don't want to get  
told, still didn't believe me. "No

excuses, Cousin. You c

Get a move on!  
Ready to Set Sail, Blubber Heads?

make Sven **angry**, do you  
**By my whiskers**, I  
didn't want to make our village  
**angry**! At the thought of Sven  
at me, I got up and got dressed  
opened the door. Tan **grat**  
paw and dragged me along



READY TO SET SAIL, BLUBBER!

him. He didn't even give me a

grab my **backpack!**

“Let's hurry, Cousin! They're w

us!” Trap squealed.

He was right. When we reached

Ready to Set Sail, Blubber Heads?  
the port, we found micekings l  
**drekar**s for the long voyag  
were rubbing the ships' hulls w  
oil.  
I gazed up at the **towerin**

Ready to Set Sail, Blubber Heads?  
commanded the majestic M  
Hero. It was adorned with his  
emblems. I tried to go on board  
mouseking stopped me.

“Halt! There’s no  
more room!” he said,  
holding up a paw. “Find  
another ship.”

The next ship was the  
No room!

Scourge of the North Sea,

with a fearsome  
dragon on its prow.  
But another mouseking stoppe

“SCRAM, smarty-  
mouseking. We’re full!  
There’s no more room!”

“Not even for a **small**  
mouseking like me?” I  
pleaded.

Scram!

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Then Sven shouted  
from the prow of his  
ship,

“~~mic~~ ~~ek~~ ~~ings~~,  
~~off we go!~~  
set sail!  
I have to hurry!

Ready to Set Sail, Blubber Heads?

I had **one choice** left  
like it! The only drekar left was

Olaf the Reckless  
Breath the **shaky** tub that  
**And I get drekar-**

“Hop on board!” Olaf called out  
Oh no . . .

Hurry up, cabin boy!  
Ready to Set Sail, Blubber Heads?

you want a **free ride**

I gave in and climbed on board

**set sail** for Oofadale, the home  
Oofa Oofa!

# Dragon Attack!

Olaf put me to **work**. After I  
our cheese supplies and clear  
deck, he sent me up to the main  
the lookout.

Me, who is **AFRAID OF HIM**

The journey started off smooth

a **breeze** pushed us forward

while, though, the sky began to



A strange, oddly shaped cloud  
toward us.

Was there a storm

The cloud came closer . . . and  
**cheese**, it wasn't a storm  
was much worse!

“Dragon attack!” I shr

I see something!  
What a strange cloud . . .



miceking SSStew!” said Blue T  
“I prefer them roasssted,” said  
Beard.

42

Tasty!

Mice kings!

Sven raised his fist in the air

get a taste of us, you ugly  
Mice kings, **ATTACK!**

All of the mice kings then  
into the battle, fighting off

dragons. Well, almost all. I stay

crow's nest, so I wouldn't

get in anybody's way.

Then the **LOOKOUT** on the

We're cooked!  
Attack!  
For Mousegard!

Take that!  
Hey, ugly!

Dragon Attack!

of the North Sea called out to me

“Catch this **net**, smarty-mouse!”

He **tossed** me one end of the

“This is no time to go fishing  
back.

But I **caught** the end of the

and it hung between the two sides

We’ve got him!



Dragon Attack!

**Whoosh!** A red dragon  
down and flew right into it!

**tangled** up in the net!  
“Hooray! One down!”

other lookout and I shouted.

Meanwhile, the **battle** with  
dragons continued.

Yes!

I'm trapped!

Dragon Attack!

Some micekings fought bravely

**bows** and **arrows**.

Others used **long oars** to fend off the dragons.

Still others **BLASTED** the

jets of **icy water** from the No.

Everyone knows that dragons love cold water!

But as bravely as we fought, we

did not stand a chance in a

match for the **enormous**.

And there, out in the **open**

we had no place to take shelter!

I scanned the horizon, looking for  
sign of land.

I spotted a **FOGGY** patch of  
far off. And as a scholarly mountaineer  
surrounded by fog, I  
knew that **Oofadale**

Holey cheese, we were

Dragon Attack!

If we could make it to shore  
take shelter and be **safe!** I  
something, fast!

# Forward, Micekings!

I quickly came up with a fab

We could row at **TOP SPEED**  
we were **HIDDEN** in the fog  
could I let the others know? It

be heard over the **loud** sound  
But I tried.

“We must go into the  
fog!” I shouted.

“Geronimo, don’t be a blubber  
head! Now is not the time to

on a log!” Sven shouted but  
misunderstood me!

So I tried to act it out. I made  
motions with my arms.

“By my beard! This is not the  
50

Forward, Micekings!

exercise, smarty-mouseki

He just didn't get it!

I had to leave my safe perch. I

**scurried** down the mast  
found Olaf and Trap.

They don't understand!

Forward, Micekings!

I quickly explained my idea.

“GOOD THINKING, sm  
mouseking!” Olaf agreed.

We ran to the oars.

“MICEKINGS, FULL S  
AHEAD!” Olaf commanded.

The Bated Breath bolted forward,  
crews on the other two drekars  
plan and followed in our wake  
fog.

“What do those tasssty mouthf  
they’re doing?” Purple Beard a



“They won’t essscape usss!” said  
Tail.

Purple Beard roared, “Follow t  
Luckily, though, the **north**

Forward, Micekings!

started to blow toward Oofads

and helped us go even faster! S

immersed in a fog as dense as

cheese.

Straight ahead!

Faster!

Forward, Micekings!

“By my breath, I can’t SSSEE

Tail moaned.

“I think I SSSEE a drekar in front

said Purple Beard. “Let me blast

my **fiery** breath!”

He shot a **blast** of flame into

“**Hey!**” cried Blue Tail. “You

my tail!”

I can’t sssee!

Ow! My tail!

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz!

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz!

The dragons kept bumpin  
and we kept sailing thro  
Luckily, we quickly arrive  
Oofadale.

We tied up the drekars at the c  
set out in search of the village  
the Yawner.

We passed by many of the O  
but they were all asleep.

maping time Anya And  
the point of taking you all

mice kings!

“Where is Yan the Yaw  
asked one of the Oofa Oofa.

# Oofadale: The Village of the Oofa Oofa

OOFADALE is a village on the southern coast of the Island. It is almost always engulfed in a thick fog, a place where nothing ever (well, almost) happens. The micekings in this village call themselves Oofa Oofa. They're generally very lazy and don't get much done during the day. The official cheese is Sluggozola, which takes a long, long, long, long time to ripen.

Zzzzzzzzzzzzz! Zzzzzzzzzzzzz!

“Answer Sven the Shout  
the micekings yelled.

The villager yawned in resp  
he closed his eyes and fell as  
ing up!

We kept walking until we got  
to Snoozy Square,  
the village center. Sven

walked up to another

Oofa Oofa.

“Tell me where I

can find your village  
chief!” he barked.

But this Oofa Oofa  
was sleeping, too, and  
didn't wake up.

Furious, Sven  
stomped to a small  
building in the middle of the  
Zzzz!



Zzzzzzzzzzzzz! Zzzzzzzzzzzzz!

square. I read the runes above

Oof Oof Oof. The

Official Tourist Off

Oofadale.

Sven pounded his fist on the

ter. “SHIVERING SQ

you know who I am?” he shout

sleeping rodent working there.

you to tell me right now where

Yan the Yawner, or I’ll hav

your fur!”

I wouldn't have wanted to be in

place of that Oofa Oofa, When

**angry**, his loud voice can  
whiskers!

The rodent opened his eyes **V**  
**slowly**.

Then he opened his mouth **V**

**slowly**, as though he were

Zzzz Zzzz . . .  
Zzzz . . .

Zzzz . . .

I need an answer!

Zzzzzzzzzzzzz! Zzzzzzzzzzzzz!

Zzzzz!

Zzzzz!

But he only snored.

Then I

noticed  
something on the wall  
of the office.

“Chief, take a look at this **sig**  
**FOG**

ASLEEP

SUN

AWAKE

Zzzzzzzzzzzzz! Zzzzzzzzzzzzz!

It suddenly made sense. When

FOG

in Oofadale (which is most of the time), the villagers take a nice

“There’s **NO TIME** to waste,” shouted. “As soon as the fog lifts

will attack.

We must wake up

cheeseheads!”

We  
must  
wake  
them

up!  
They're  
all  
asleep!

Wake Up! Wake  
Up!

Wake Uuuuup!

Sven began to

**shout**

orders at all of the

mice kings from Mouseborg.

“Geronimo and Trap! Go FIND

Yawner!”

Prepare for

battle!



*Zzzz . . .*

Wake Up! Wake Up! Wake Up!

“Wh-wh-why us?”  
I stammered.

Sven gave me a stern look. “  
you rather stay here and fig  
smarty-mouseking?” he asked.

I didn’t

~~wait~~  
wait to change his mind.

I grabbed my cousin and dra  
toward the tourist office. We h

where

Yan the Yawner  
was!

We must

find

their

chief!  
Zzzz!

Wake Up! Wake Up! Wake Up!  
Behind us, Sven continued to  
**shout**

orders.

“You, wake up the sleeping Oofas!”

You, take the young micek  
this village to safety! The other  
me!”

Meanwhile, I stared at the  
**sleeping**

Oofa Oofa at the counter of the  
office. I had no idea how to W  
“I’ve got this, cousin!”  
Trap said.

Then he **clapped** his paws right  
on one of the ears of the napping  
**Clap! Clap! Clap!**

The rodent opened his eyes.

“Oofa! Didn’t you **(yawn)** real  
**(yawn)**? When there is fog in  
Oofadale, it’s time for a **(yawn)**  
nap,” he slowly complained.

# HOW TO WAKE SLEEPING OOF

Whenever the fog rolls in, the Oofs  
they happen to be: on the street,  
bathroom. There are only three w

1

With a loud noise!

2

With a dose of fresh  
fruit to the head!

BONK!

HA  
HA

HA

HA!

3

By tickling their  
feet!

WAKR UP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

“Please excuse my cousin’s ma  
said. “But this a **super-micro**  
**emergency!**”

The Oofa Oofa did not move a  
this news.

“We must find Yan the Yawner  
**immediately!**” I shrieked.  
The rodent **very, very** s  
his mouth again.

“Take Oofwood Road (yawn  
Way and make a right (yawn  
“Then take the second right



cross the bridge, and turn onto  
street (yawn) on the left. The  
fifth house on the right is Yan's.

"Um . . . we hope so!" Trap  
replied.

"You won't (yawn) find him  
Oofa Oofa told us. "It's nap

WAKR UP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

“He has to wake up! It’s an  
I exclaimed.

Trap nudged me. “Hey, do you  
should ask this rodent about the  
letter

we found in the amphora?  
Yaawn!

WAKE UP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

When the Oofa Oofa heard this  
suddenly

**lit up.**

“Did you say letter?

Hidden in an amphora?”

But I was already **pulling**!

“We’ll worry about that later!

we have to **save** your vill

of **ferocious** dragons!”

As we

**RAN OFF**

to find Yan, we heard

a **strange alarm** ring throu

the village.

Yaaawn!

Yaaawn!

Yaaawn!

It was Oofadale's **dragon  
alarm!**

That meant the dragons were out

and I had to hurry, or else . . .

WAKR UP! WAKE UP! WAKE U

• • •

we

could

become

a

# dragon's dinner!

Run,  
run,  
run!  
Hurry!

# Ruuuuun!

The fog was lifting and the dra  
spotted Oofadale! Hungry  
meat, they SPED toward the  
was no time to lose!

Sven pointed to one of the nap  
Oofa Oofa. “Wake up, lazybo  
where the catapults  
are, quick, or  
we’ll all be  
toasted like  
grilled cheese

sandwiches!”

Without

opening his

eyes, the rodent

**pointed** to a large

70



Ruuuuuun!

building on the other side of the

Sven and the micekings **race**

“By my beard! These catap

dusty,

**RUSTY**, and covered in cob

Sven exclaimed.

Then he frowned, “Let’s **mo**  
out! We have to at least try!”

RUUUUUUN!

The micekings of Mouseborg  
the heavy catapults out into

By that time, the dragons were

“Now is the moment, my bold  
brave micekings,” Sven shouted.  
“GET READY TO ATTACK!”

“Chief, we need rocks!”  
micekings said.

“You mean the catapults

Zzzz

zzzz!

Zzzz!

*Zzzz . . .*

RUUUUUUN!

aren't loaded?" Sven asked. "O  
where are your rocks?"

**ZZZZZZZZ.** The Oofa Oo  
all napping!

By now the dragons were so  
mice kings could smell their ho

"There's only one thing to do,"

To  
the  
catapults!  
Run!

RUUUUUUN!

“RuUUUUu

The dragons looked down on t

**confused.** Some of the  
(Mouseborg) were

**RUNNING**

back and

forth, looking for rocks. But ot

(from Oofadale) were fast as

“Why are they sssleeping?”

asked. “Don’t they fear uSSS?”



They're  
sssleeeeping!  
They're  
sssnoring!  
How  
ssstrange!

# Saved by Invention!

While Sven and our fellow mice  
faced the dragons' attack, Trap  
**searched** for the house of  
Yawner.

We made a right on Oofa Road  
it Oofa Way? Then we made two  
and one right . . . and soon we  
**lost** as two anchovies in the b



“We were supposed to go left there, Cousin!” Trap said.

“No, I’m sure we were supposed right after the bridge!” I argued then make another right? Or v left?”

Great moldy mus

couldn't remember!

And while Trap

and I stood there,

**scratching**  
our

heads, a threatening

**shadow** crept up

over us. We looked up and

**gasped!**

Purple Beard and Blue Tail, the

**hungry** dragons, had found us.  
“Sssniff, SSSniff,” Purple Beard

“Do you SSSmell the tasssty aroma?”

micekings? It  
sssmellsss  
familiar . . .”

I'll  
go  
this  
way!

“Yesss! Look!” Blue Tail exclaimed  
that SHRIMPY mouseking who  
sssailed  
away from usss before!”

“Run, Cousin!” Trap shouted  
I darted after him. He looked over his  
shoulder.

“Let's **split up** to confuse them,”  
yelled.

“Wh-why? I don’t want to be  
yelled back.

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I'll  
go  
this

way!

But Trap was already heading  
**opposite** direction.

“That mouseking is mine!” Pur  
shouted, and he **flew** after  
But the dragon wasn't used to

**low**. When he turned the co  
Trap, he didn't see the big **W**

**iron** sign for the Oofadale b

**Baaaaaam**

Saved by Invention!

He flew into it, smashing his face  
as a flounder!

Meanwhile, I was running as fast  
could. But I ran right into a dead end.  
I turned, I saw Blue Tail flying  
with his jaws open wide!

Shivering squids, I was as good as dead.  
I closed my eyes, waiting for the end.  
All of a sudden

I heard

Ow!

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SAVED BY INVENTION!

Trap's voice. "Hey, Cousin! Ch

I opened my eyes and saw that  
strange springs attached to his

wearing **spring stepp**  
"HURRY, jump on!" he urged.

"I don't think so, Trap! Are  
you sure those things are  
**S-S-SAFE?**" I stuttered.

Then Blue Tail  
launched a

Trust  
me!  
Squeak!



SAVED BY INVENTION!

fireball

at me, and I didn't wait for

Trap's answer. I jumped on, and

bounced away.

Boing!  
Boing!

Boing!

SPRING STEPPERS

This invention adds a **bounce** to your step! Thanks to the springs on the bottoms of these shoes, it's possible to jump as high as ten miceking tails.

These are not recommended for micekings who are afraid of heights!

# No Time for Te

Many bounces later (SQUEAL getting motion sick!), we arrived at the home of Yan the Yawner, the village chief. Inside we saw two Oofa Oofa,

dozing  
in  
armchairs.

“Greetings,

Oofa friends,” I  
said. “My name  
is Geronimo  
Stiltonord, and this  
is my cousin Trap.”

**ZZZZZZZZZZ.**

“We are sorry  
to wake you, but  
Help!  
How fun!

Fen is the official inventor in the village of Oofa Oofa. He attended the Young Miceking School for Inventors with Trap. The contraptions he invents are inspired by the dreams he has while napping!

we have come all the way from Mouseborg on an **IMPORTANT** matter,” I continued, but Trap interrupted

me.

“Fen Whiskersson  
that you?” he cried.

He clapped his  
paws next to one of  
the sleeping rodents.

The mouse’s eyes  
fluttered open. “Trap,  
my old **inventing**  
buddy, is that really  
you?”

“It sure is!” Trap  
replied. The two old  
friends hugged.

No Time for Tea!

“What good **north wind** Oofadale?” Fen asked.

“As my cousin said, we’re here

**IMPORTANT** matter,” Trap

need to see Yan the Yawner right

The rodent in the other armchair

stir. **Oofa!** What’s with a

Don’t you know it’s nap time?

**disturbing my slumber?**”

At that moment, a third rodent

room, carrying a tray. “Who w

*tea?*”

“There is no time for tea!” I cr

Oofa then I stopped. “Hey, aren’t you from the tourist office?”  
“Correct!” he replied. “My name is Snorborg.”

Then Bronk whispered in my ear, “I’m glad you finally got here.”



Who wants tea?  
Fen, old friend!  
What a surprise!  
There's a  
dragon attack!

No Time for Tea!

really need to talk about that letter  
me about earlier. The one you  
amphora.”

“We can talk about the letter later,”  
blurted out. “Right now, we have  
news! Dragons are attacking  
Oofadale!”

The other Oofa straightened up in his  
chair. “Holey cheese! What do you  
say that IMMEDIATELY?” he cried.

“Are you Yan the Yawner?” I asked.

“Yes, I am!” he said, squinting

“And are you sure you’re from Micekings there are usually very strong. You seem very short and a jellyfish.”

“And where is your micekin Fen asked me.

So many unnecessary questions  
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No Time for Tea!

rodents were really getting **U**

“Great salty sardines!” I shriek

exasperation. “There is no time

The dragons are attacking.

**DON’T YOU HAVE A**

**DRAGON DEFENSE PLAN**

**IN OOFADALE?”**

# Essence of Sea Jasmine

Fen the inventor and Yan privately for a few minutes. They motioned for Trap and me to follow. He led us to a small hut near the shore. “Welcome to my laboratory,” he exclaimed as he opened the door. “It is here that I create my genius. This is the answer to our dragon problem.”

anywhere, it will be here.”

Inside the hut was what looked

like a cave. Ben dove into the mountain  
pile of **junk** and started rummaging around.

“Tell me what you’re **LOOK**

for, old friend, and I’ll help you.

Essence of Sea Jasmine

Trap offered.

“It’s obvious!” Fen replied. “I a  
for my fabumouse invention  
to defend Oofadale from d  
Wind Cycle!”

Trap and I shared a confus  
had no idea what he was talkin

Then Fen extracted a stran

contraption from the pile. It ha

with two pedals.

“EUREKA!” he cried. “Found

The Wind Cycle

This invention can be used to create wind or to blow good or bad smells across the village.

The faster you pedal, the faster the fans turn, which is why only a very athletic mouseking should operate it.



Essence of Sea Jasmine

And in this little bottle is **essence of sea jasmine!**”

I sniffed it. “It smells very clean. What is it for?”

“We will use the Wind Cycle to spread the **scent** of sea jasmine over the whole village,” Fen replied.

“I get it!” Trap exclaimed. “Dragons hate clean smells. It will drive them away.”

“Exactly!” Fen said.

“So where is the **highest** point in Oofadale?” I asked.

Fen went to the window and pointed.

I looked out the window and saw the top of **Mount Mattre**, a small hill.

“But that’s just a **tiny** hill,” I said.

Essence of Sea Jasmine

“But that’s the **highest**  
mountain in all of Oofadale!

Fen said, sounding offended.  
Wind Cycle must be taken to the  
top of the **pine tree** that grows  
on the mountain’s peak.”

I started to get a **bad**  
feeling. “And who,  
There’s Mount Mattress!

Essence of Sea Jasmine

exactly, will take it there?" I ask  
"It's obvious!" Fen said. "You need  
to get a miceking helmet, don't  
Well, here is the **perfect**  
earn'one. Good luck dodging  
those **dragons** on your way  
Clammering clams, I had a true  
**miceking mission** ahead of

# Pedal, Geronimo

Trap and I walked along the path to the **PEAK** of Mount Mattress **hill** in Oofadale! We carried Fen's **very** heavy **tiny bottle** of sea jam and a roll of **parchment** for using the Wind Cycle.

"Couldn't we . . . **puff** . . . **trap** **pant**?" I asked.

"What kind of **mouseking** are you?" Trap asked. "Use your **mouseking muscles**, Cousin!"

Pedal, Geronimo!

**Finally**, we arrived at the tree. I started to **climb** up to get to the top, but . . .

**Passer!** . pant . .

I'm falling!

Ouch!

<sup>1</sup>First I stepped on  
some mountain eagle

poop. **BLECH!**  
~~When I lost my~~  
footing, slipped, and

<sup>2</sup>I slipped again <sup>fell on some</sup>  
needles. **C**

and smacked my  
snout on a branch.

**Squeak!**

Oh no!

Pedal, Geronimo!

Finally, I reached the observation platform at the top of the tree.

I could see the whole village of Oofadale!

“Get on the Wind Cycle and pedal, Geronimo!” Trap called.

I had to act fast. I hopped on the bike and

started to pedal fast . . . fast

faster!

What a workout!



Pedal, Geronimo!

Aim.  
My tired legs were starting to  
string cheese!

Trap emptied the essence of

sea jasmine in front of  
fan, and the wind spread  
scent all over Oofadale.

Down below, we could

Attack!

Take that, lizard face!

Pedal, Geronimo!

see the brave micekings bat  
dragons. The Oofa Oofa had fl  
up from their naps and joined  
from Mouseborg.

“Where is that smarty-mouseki

**Sven** shouted, hurling a h  
green dragon. “He was supposed  
more help!”

Just missed!

Pedal, Geronimo!

“Watch out, chief!” Olaf said.

The hammer missed the green

ANGRY dragon grabbed Svein.  
“Now to gobble you up!”  
the dragon said. Then he suddenly

“ACHOO!”

What happened?  
The dragon dropped Svein.

Pedal, Geronimo!

In less time than it takes to eat

cracker, all of the dragons were  
“Hammering here!”  
“what’s happening?” Olaf asked

the dragons crying?”

The green dragon began to wa

“SSSS that terrible SSSmell?” he  
keep my eyesss open!

“It’s too clean!” whined a red o

“Even was right!” And I told a trap! “5  
ssstop sssneezing! ACHOO!”

can’t stand the super-clean

of the sea jasmine.”

The dragons beat a quick retre  
into the clouds one aft

From the top of the pine tree, 'S  
watched as they fled, crying, 'S  
swerving back and forth.

“It worked! We did it!” Trap  
Then we happily ran toward  
still had to figure where that

# The Secret of the Letter

The miceking warriors hugged  
another and cheered  
as dragons flew away.

“Micekings work better  
when they fight together!  
Hip, hip, hooray!  
Hooray! Hooray!”

Yan the Yawner  
hugged Sven. “Thank  
you for bringing that

smarty-mouseking!”

he said. “He really

saved the day.”

We did it!

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The Secret of the Letter

Then he turned to the rest of us  
friends from Mouseborg, we  
you for your invaluable help.

We couldn't have done it without

celebrate, we will have  
feast!"

0 says I am the Mawne  
shaved the Oofa of a

Then Sven approached me. "Good

this time you acted bravely,  
true mouseking," he said. "I had

ward, what, what, what  
to a great victory with a mouse

couldn't believe my ears. At last

receive my first miceking helmet

My whiskers were  
Shaking with  
excitement!

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Well done, Geronimo!  
Thank you!

“First, however,” Sven continued, “I  
like to find out at least what was in  
that **mysterious** letter from  
Yan looked confused. “I didn’t see the  
letter.”

At that moment, Bronk Snorbo, the  
tourist office stepped forward.  
“I think I can **solve** this mystery.”

The Secret of the Letter

Sven and Yan both shouted at

We order you!”

O says  
Shouter!”  
chanted

the Mouseborg warriors.

Says Yan the Yawner!”  
chanted

the Oofa Oofa.

Bronk cleared his throat. “Well

I think it might be a love let

wrote for the lovely Snorina.”

“Whaaaaaat?” shouted Sven.

“A love letter?” yelled Yan.

Trap handed the letter to Bronk  
it?”

“Yes!” Bronk cried happily.  
“But why is the official seal  
Oofadale on your letter?” Trap  
Bronk.

“Because I used one of the pieces of  
parchment that we use

# You, too, can read this

\*  
The original letter was written in runes, the old  
alphabet. This is a translation for you to read.

*Dear Snorina,*

*you have stolen my heart,*

*and to you I declare all my love,*

*when i look at you,*

*my whiskers begin to shake.*

*with you by my side,*

*I could be a strong mouseking!*

*I could sail the stormy seas,*

*or slay the fiercest dragon.*

*For you I would climb the highest hill,*

*or eat the stinkiest cheese.*

*one smile from you is all I need,*

*but it would be nice if I had your love, too*

***Bronk***

The Secret of the Letter  
office to draw maps,” Bronk ad  
“They all have the official CO  
I had a question, too. “Then w  
did you hide it in an  
**amphora**

and throw it into the sea?”

“That’s not how it happened,”  
Bronk answered. “You see,  
Snorina is the daughter of the  
Oofadale **milkman**, and ev  
evening she comes to collect th  
**BOTTLES**. I hoped that she



my letter.”

“So how did the amphora end  
sea?” Trap wanted to know.

“That night there was a

terrible  
storm!”

Bronk replied. “A blast of **win**  
must have carried the amphora  
Trap’s eyes lit up. “Aha! Then  
and then it **rolled** into the

# THE SECRET OF THE LETTER

current brought it to Mou  
Stocker found it!”

Bronk nodded. “That must be what  
happened,” he said, and then he  
looked at a lovely rodent who was  
at him. “And all this time I thought

Snorina  
didn’t return my feelings!”

Snorina stepped forward.

“Oh, Bronk! If I had received  
the letter, I would have told  
you that

I feel the same  
way  
about you.”

“You mean the letter wasn’t  
a **call for help**?”  
fumed. “And you didn’t want  
to **attack** our village? We  
arranged an official expedition  
in grand miceking style just for  
a love letter?”

Oh,  
Bronk!  
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## THE SECRET OF THE LETTER

“It looks that way,” Bronk said.

“Why didn’t you tell us this as  
as we arrived?” Sven shouted.

Bronk pointed at me. “I did try  
someone—that **shrimpy** n  
there.”

Uh-oh. This was not going to be

“Is this **true**, Geronimo?” Sve  
me.

“W-w-well, yes,” I stammered.

**dragons** were attacking, and

“You **cheesehead!**” Sven

“First, you

failed

to figure out the letter.

Then, you could have found out  
a love letter, but you didn't

No  
miceking  
helmet  
for  
you!”

# THE SECRET OF THE LETTER

“B-b-but the dragons . . .” I tried to explain.

“Enough of this. It’s time for tea!”

Yan yelled.

“I covered all the nice things  
So says Yan the Ya  
You cheesehead!”

I  
tried  
to  
tell  
him

. . .  
Who,  
me?

The Secret of the Letter

Everyone ate and talked and la

sat outside all **alone**, thinking  
**lost** the miceking helmet that I had  
in a matter of minutes. Would

be able to show Thora that I was  
brave mouseking?

Then Bronk and Snorina appro

**“Thank you**  
for bringing the letter

back to us, Geronimo,” Bronk s

brought Snorina and me togeth

**“Even without a helmet, you are**  
**brave,”**

she said. “One day you will win  
over your own mickering love,  
I smiled. “Thank you,” I said. “  
one day,” I will **finally** get my  
helmet!

But that's another mickering  
for another mickering



Sweet!

# Miceking Island

Beastgard  
Gullet Valley  
Feargard  
Forest of a  
Thousand  
Scales  
Oofadale  
Yawning  
Cove  
Helpful Hills  
Mouseborg

Don't miss any  
adventures of  
the Mice kings!

Up Next:

Be sure to  
read all my  
fabumouse  
adventures!



Special  
Edition!

Don't miss  
any of my

special  
adven

*Don't miss any of  
these exciting Thea  
Sisters adventures!*





Dear mouse  
thanks for  
and good-  
the nex



